

This one's for you, my friend

"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"
-Hebrew proverb

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007
Be At Peace

EDIKA • MATT • SALA • LANDMAN

SNARF



Mature
Readers

Special "Rather Fight Than Switch" Issue!



Life is mostly hard work...

As **Robert Crumb** said. And how true that statement is! But we'd like to amend it to say: "**Work** is mostly hard work." There's a couple of stories in this issue that address the subject, so without hardly even trying, we've got a "theme" for **Snarf** #15! Talk about your easy jobs!

But first, let's take care of the cover and its creator, computer artist **Mark Landman**. Mark's a fireman in California, but he wants to be an editor(!), so he's started a new comics mag called **Buzz**. What a way to get rich!

If things work out, you should see the cover to the right of this skinny column.

Buzz is currently on the stands at good comics shops right now, published by KSP. It's comic book-size, with heavy covers, and it features such artists as **Dan Clowes**, **Drew Friedman**, **Jim Woodring** and **Richard Sala**. Hey! How come these bums won't work for **Snarf**? Landman comes in and, like immediately they're all falling over each other to work for **Buzz**! We beg 'em and tempt 'em with the big \$\$, and they don't even return our phone calls!

Well, that's not true. In fact, **Richard Sala** is in this very issue of **Snarf**, with a story about "Another Mad Doktor." Being a mad doktor sounds like fun, but as Sala shows, it has its drawbacks. Landman himself has two pages here, one of them called "Only 5,475 Workdays Till Retirement..." and "You Can Make Yourself Feel Better." When?

France's **Edika** is back again, this time with a story about an out-of-work dental surgeon named "Chomdu," who has trouble making himself understood at the unemployment office. Then there's **G. Jablonski**, who chimes in with two tales about life on the farm: "Pig Iron," and the poignant "Dumbell."

Henceforth and hereinafter let everyone know that **Wayne Honath**, creator of **Howie the Hat** and myriad other characters, is now calling himself **Wayno**. And it's official: he's on file at the copyright (©) office under that name. Stardom awaits! For this issue, **Wayno** looks in at three tight buddies drinking beer in "Another Night at Scottie's." Another regular contributor, **P.S. Mueller**, takes his clown Whoppo and hand puppet Spivel to a mall, where Whoppo has a breakdown. The sordid tale is told in "Clown's Syndrome."

We welcome Irish artist **Kellie Strom** to these pages with "The Burning Bush and the Wooden Heart," an exquisitely rendered tale of impossible love and sudden death. Hilarious! Our other first time contributors are **David Abubacha** and **Berni Mireault**, two zany Canadians who chronicle a domestic scene in "How Sweet It Is."

We get a one-page **true story** from **Xenozoic Tales** contributor **Steve Stiles**, about his encounter with a crazy guy while Steve was "Just Walkin' the Dog." And **Eric Nesheim**, from his perch in suburbia, once again observes some of the inhabitants of same in his trading card series, "They Shoulda Been Committed." Collect 'em all! Buy two copies of **Snarf** so you can cut one up!

And last but certainly not least, **Joe Matt** chips in four pages of his diary, three of which have to do with jobs he's had before he became rich and famous as an artist. One of the jobs was at Fat Jack's Comics Crypt in Philadelphia, and you might be able to recognize some of the "types" and maybe even some of the actual people there. All in all, a great issue!

Next issue: Well, by now maybe you know that we've been experiencing some "bad numbers" with **Snarf**, so although there *will* be a next issue, we don't exactly know when. When it does come out, you'll see this cover painting by **Joe Matt**, and some more work inside by him. Also **Eric Nesheim**, **P.S. Mueller**, **Wayno** and **Frank Stack**. A lot of other great cartoonists, too. Watch for it in 1991!

—Dave Schreiner



S T A F F

Editors **Denis Kitchen & Dave Schreiner**
Production **Jan Manweiler & Christi Scholl**
Circulation **Paula Sohn**

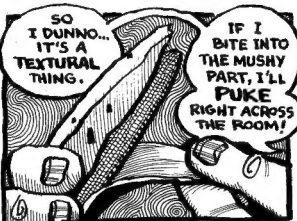
HOW SWEET IT IS!

BEWARE OF
THE FUNNY
FARM FREAKS

© 1990

STORY & PENCIL:
David Alu Bacha

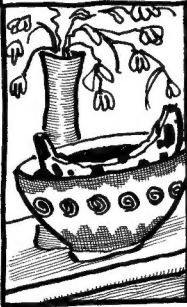
INKS:
BEMZ



YA, MY MOM USED
TO ALWAYS KEEP A
BOWL OF FRUIT OUT
IN THE KITCHEN.



AND ONCE THERE
WAS THIS BANANA
THAT GOT REALLY
RIPE.



IN SEEING THIS, I
BECAME VERY CURIOUS
AS TO WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN IT BECOMES
REALLY OLD.



I TOOK THE BANANA
AND PLACED IT
ON TOP OF THE
FRIDGE.



I TOLD MY MOM
ABOUT THE EXPERIMENT
AND THAT SHE
SHOULDN'T DISTURB IT.

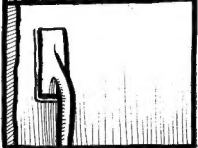
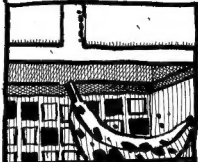


NO!
IT'S GOING
TO MAKE
MOLD
AND THERE
WILL BE
BUGS
AND THE
WHOLE
HOUSE WILL
ROT!



SHE PROTESTED, BUT
FINALLY RELENTED TO
MY PURSUIT OF
SCIENCE!

AND I WATCHED AS
EACH DAY IT BECAME
OLD AND DECREPIT.



UNTIL ONE DAY, IT
VANISHED!



WHERE'S
THE BANANA,
MOM?

I SUSPECTED MY
MOTHER OF THROW-
ING IT AWAY, BUT
SHE SAID:



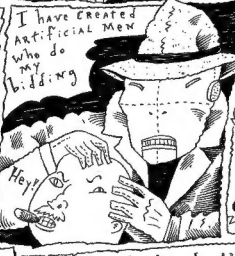
YOUR FATHER
ATE IT.

UNABLE TO BELIEVE
THAT ANYONE WOULD
EAT A ROTTEN BANANA,
I CONFRONTED MY DAD.



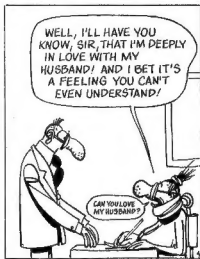
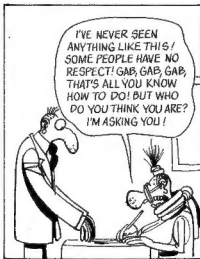
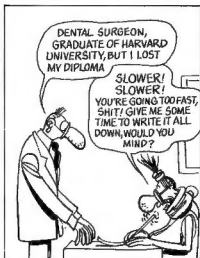
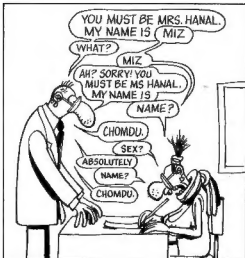


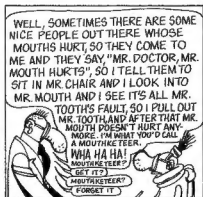
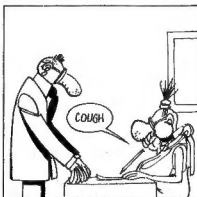
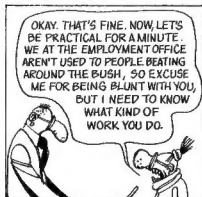
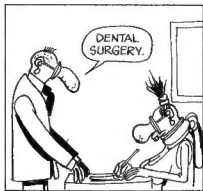
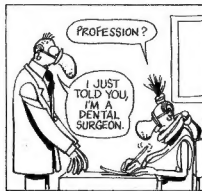
ANOTHER MAD DOKTOR

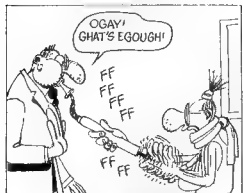
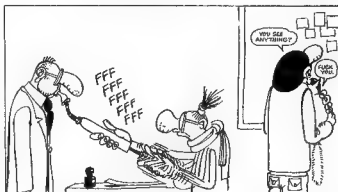


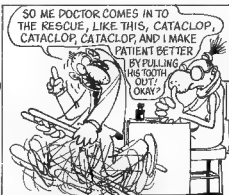
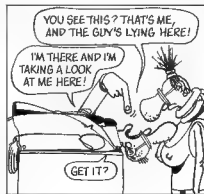
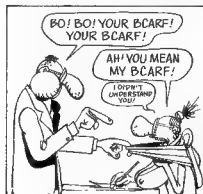
My dreams inevitably go up in smoke.

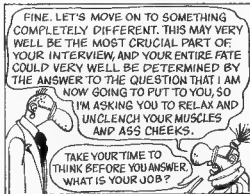
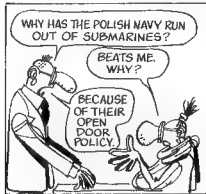
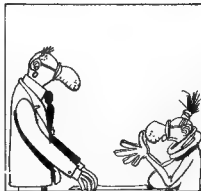
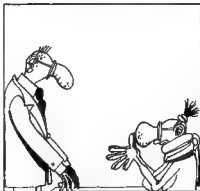
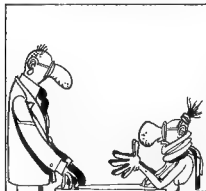
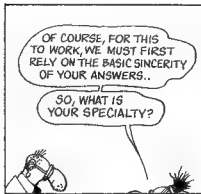
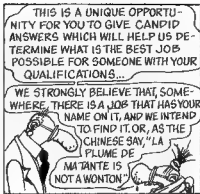
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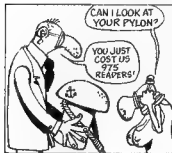
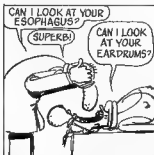


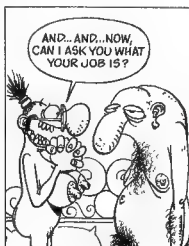
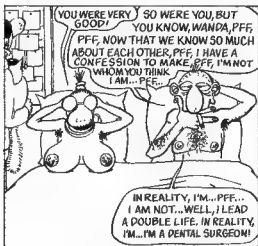
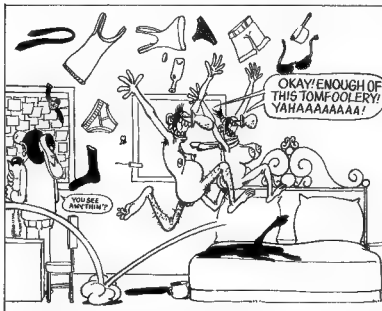
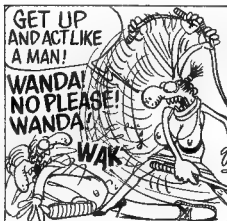






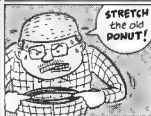
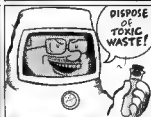






ANOTHER NIGHT AT SCOTTIES

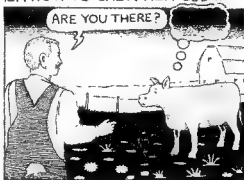
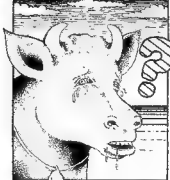




DUMBELL

"OF ALL MY COWS NO ONE SEEMED DUMBER THAN DUMBELL. WHEN SHE WAS A CALF I HAD TO TEACH HER HOW TO CHEW HER CUD..."

"AS TIME WENT ON I COULD SEE THAT DUMBELL WAS BECOMING SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM..."



"I DECIDED TO TREAT DUMBELL EXTRA SPECIAL... I INVITED HER IN THE HOUSE..."

"I MADE THE AWFUL MISTAKE OF LETTING HER GAZE IN A MIRROR..."

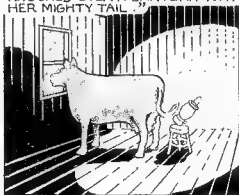
"AT THE SIGHT OF HER OWN REFLECTION DUMBELL EXPERIENCED A PAROXYSM OF FEAR..."



"DUMBELL SEEMED TO GET WORSE EVERY DAY..."

"ONE NIGHT DUMBELL ACCIDENTLY KNOCKED OVER A LANTERN WITH HER MIGHTY TAIL..."

"A TERRIBLE BLAZE RESULTED..."



"BEFORE THE FLAMES COULD SPREAD THROUGH THE BARN DUMBELL ALERTED THE OTHER ANIMALS TO THE DANGER AND LED THEM TO SAFETY. AT THIS POINT I REALIZED THAT DUMBELL WASN'T SUCH A DUMBELL AFTER ALL."

THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY... NOW GET OFF MY PROPERTY!



The BURNING and WOODEN BUSH and The HEART



OH
DEAR ME,
IT'S VERY
SWEET OF
YOU



ALL I REALISE
IS THAT I LOVE
YOU

THE TIMES WE'VE
SPENT TOGETHER HAVE
BEEN WONDERFULLY PLEASANT
BUT WE AREN'T MEANT FOR
EACH OTHER



OH REALLY -
TRY TO BE A LITTLE
BIT OBJECTIVE
ABOUT IT

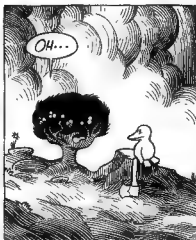


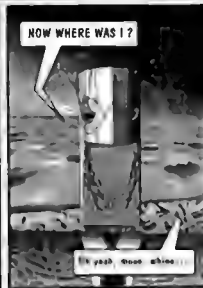
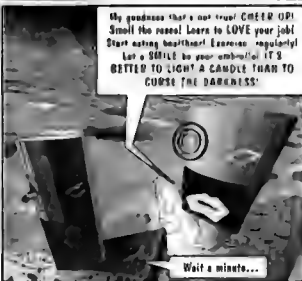
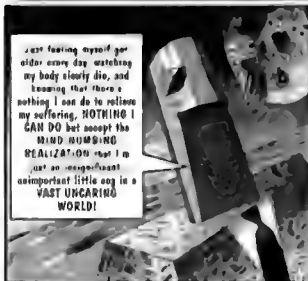
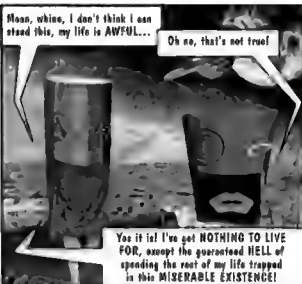
I LOVE YOU -
I LOVE YOU MORE
THAN EVERYTHING
ELSE ON EARTH



KELLIE
by STROM

©1990 ☆

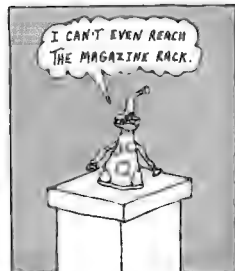


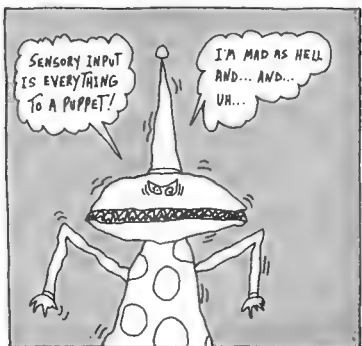
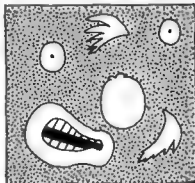
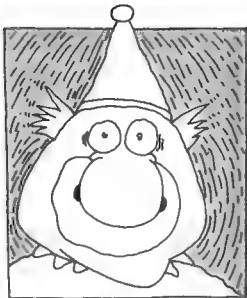


CLOWN'S SYNDROME

DURING HIS ACT AT THE MALL, WHOPPO IS SUDDENLY TAKEN ILL.







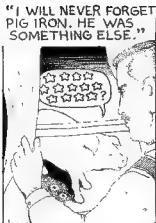


JUST WALKIN' THE DOG

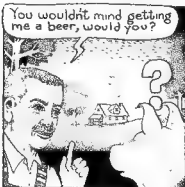
NOVEMBER, 1985



STEVE STRICK



"HE HAD A HEART AS
BIG AS THE UNIVERSE..."



"...AND A BRAIN ABOUT THE
SIZE OF A LIMA BEAN."



"THERE WAS ANOTHER
SIDE TO PIG IRON. HE WAS
A THRILL SEEKER... AND
THE THRILLS THAT HE
SOUGHT WERE CHEAP
AND VERY DANGEROUS!"



"EVERY EVENING HE WOULD GO TO
THE RAILROAD TRACKS AND WAIT...
FOR THE 11:39."



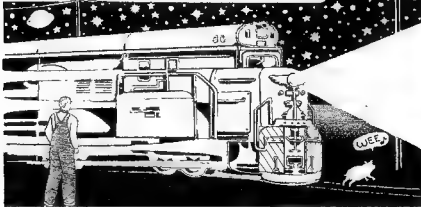
"THE 11:39 WAS THE
TRAIN THAT CAME
THROUGH EVERY
NIGHT AT 11:45."



"PIG IRON WOULD
LUK IN THE SHADOWS
UNTIL THE TRAIN WAS
ALMOST UPON HIM..."



"THEN HE WOULD DART ACROSS THE TRACKS."



"THIS NIGHTLY RITE
OF PASSAGE SEEMED
RATHER SENSELESS."



"IT WAS TIME TO PUT AN END TO THIS SICK GAME."



"PIG IRON SPENT THE NEXT FEW NIGHTS LOCKED IN THE BARN..."



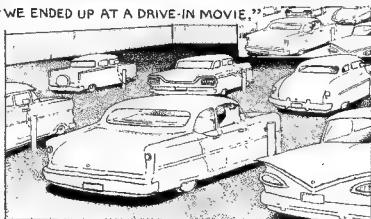
"ALL HE COULD DO WAS DREAM."



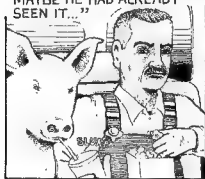
"I DECIDED THAT PIG IRON DESERVED A NIGHT ON THE TOWN."



"WE ENDED UP AT A DRIVE-IN MOVIE."



"HE DIDN'T SEEM VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN THE PICTURE, MAYBE HE HAD ALREADY SEEN IT..."



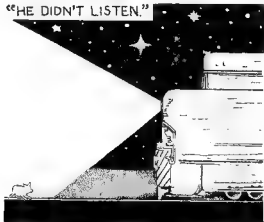
"AT 11:30, PIG IRON JUMPED OUT OF THE CAR."



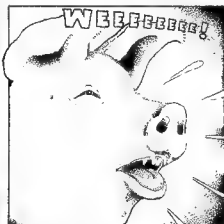
"I KNEW WHERE HE WAS HEADING. I WARNED HIM NOT TO GO THERE."



"HE DIDN'T LISTEN."



WEEEBBEE!



"... AND OUT OF SOMETHING BAD SOMETHING GOOD HAS COME."

Now there's one less mouth to feed!





JUNE 7TH 1990

I WAS 16 WHEN I GOT MY FIRST REAL JOB IN A FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT WITH A WESTERN MOTIF. AT FIRST, IT WAS ALL BUSINESS.

STRAIGHTEN THAT KERCHIEF, PARTNER! WHERE'S YOUR NAME TAG?

YES SIR!



CLEANING THE PUBLIC BATHROOMS WAS THE WORST.



...AND ALL THE MANAGERS TOOK THEIR JOBS TOO SERIOUSLY.

NOW REMEMBER! YOU GREAT THE CUSTOMERS WITH "HAWY PARTNER!" AND AS THEY'RE LEAVING, YOU SAY "HAPPY TRAILS!" GOT IT?



CORPORATION PROPAGANDA COVERED THE WALLS OF THE EMPLOYEES' AREA.



I HATED MY JOB. EVEN THE GIRLS SMELLED LIKE BARBECUE SARE.



I REBELLED BY STEALING FOOD...



THEN WE GOT A NEW, NIGHT MANAGER. A RUSSIAN WHOSE LAST NAME WAS TOO HARD TO PRONOUNCE, SO WE CALLED HIM - MR. K.



MR. K. WAS DIFFERENT HIS FIRST NIGHT THERE, HE THREW A WASP INTO THE BOILING-HOT FRENCH-FRY OIL.



MARK TOOK A LIKING TO ME.



AND I BECAME HIS PARTNER IN CRIME...



WE EVEN HAD INSIDE INFORMATION...



MR. K. WAS A REAL CHARMER WITH THE GIRLS, AND HE LOVED EMBARRASSING ME.



HE'D OFTEN SEIZE ONE OF THE GIRLS IN THE BACKSEAT OF HIS CAR...



THEN WE HIRED A NEW GIRL NAMED ROBYN.



I FELL FOR HER IN A BIG WAY...



SHE WAS THE FIRST GIRL I EVER KISSED, THANKS TO A STRANGER...



SOON WE WERE MAKING-OUT EVERY NIGHT IN MY MOM'S STATION WAGON.



WORK BECAME ONE, BIG PARTY...



THEN THE TENSION BEGAN...



FOLLOWED BY A BIG SCARE...



THINGS GOT EVEN WORSE...



LUCKILY, I HAD TO QUIT THE RESTAURANT BIZ TO GO TO COLLEGE.



...BUT I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE TO QUIT...



WHERE \$ TO FIND \$ MONEY



DEC. 31ST 1988

BLUEBERRY FIELDS FOREVER



AFTER MY 3RD YEAR IN ART SCHOOL, MY FRIEND, RON, OFFERED ME A JOB MANAGING A BLUEBERRY FARM WITH HIM IN SOUTHERN MAINE.

RON IS BEST DESCRIBED AS A COMBINATION OF POPEYE & HAWKEYE (FROM TV'S M-A-T-S-H)

RON'S INTERESTS ALSO DESCRIBE HIM PRETTY WELL...

LEMME SEE NOW... I LIKE BEER... THE ROLLING STONES... THE WHO... SUPERMAN (I GOT EVERY ISSUE)... CLINT EASTWOOD... BEER... JOHN DEWATER (NO KIDDING)... THE CATHERIN IN THE RYE... PINK FLOYD... ALICE COOPER... NEK DIAMOND AND... OH... ON YEAN-BEER

...EVEN MORE BIZARRE, WE'D DO ENORMOUS PAINTINGS (USUALLY BIBLICAL) IN AN OLD-MASTERS' STYLE...



ANYWAY, WE LIVED IN A GREASY L'L SHACK THAT SAT IN THE MIDDLE OF 1000 ACRES OF BLUE-BERRIES! WE HAD NO ELECTRICITY, RUNNING WATER...



...OR PLUMBING.



(UNLIKE THE OWNER'S TRAILER DOWN THE ROAD.)



THE WORST PART WAS NO HOT SHOWERS...



IT WAS OUR JOB TO ORGANIZE THE BLUEBERRY PICKERS... (OVER 100 CAMBODIAN REFUGEES)



I SOON REALIZED I WAS WORKING FOR RON, RATHER THAN WITH HIM...



FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET...



WE LIVED LIKE TOTAL SLOBS...



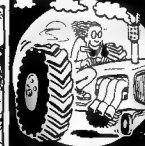
RON WOULD ALWAYS SPEND OUR GROCERY MONEY ON: BEER, BAKED BEANS, HOTDOGS & SARDINES.



ONE DAY I SAW HIM DRINK AN ENTIRE CASE OF BEER...



MY GREATEST PLEASURE WAS DRIVING THE TRACTOR...



SOMETIME, I MADE IT THROUGH THE HARVEST...



AFTERWARDS, WE HAD TO DISMANTLE THE FIELDS' ENTIRE IRRIGATION SYSTEM...



I SLOWLY BEGAN TO HATE RON MORE AND MORE...



HE ALWAYS HAD TO BE IN CHARGE...



ONE NIGHT, AT THE PEAK OF MY EXHAUSTION, HE HAD HIS DRINKING BUDDIES OVER...



...SOMEONE THREW A BEER BOTTLE AT ME...



...AND I WENT BERSERK!!!

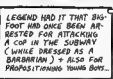
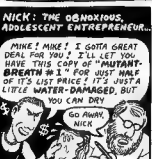
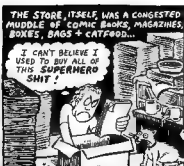


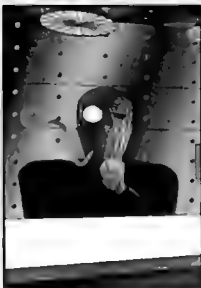
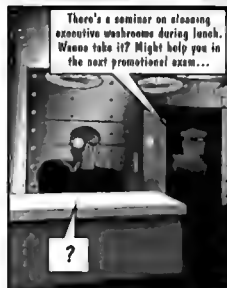
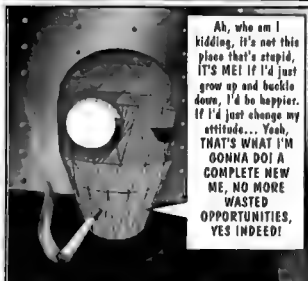
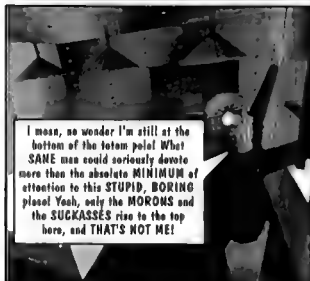
I WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER THAT. I COULDN'T EVEN STOMACH THE OUTHOUSE ANYMORE...



BUT RON STILL KEEPS IN TOUCH. EVERY NOW AND THEN, I FIND AN ENVELOPE IN MY MAILBOX WITH NOTHING MORE THAN 6 BEER-CAPS IN IT...







• COMING SOON FROM KITCHEN SINK PRESS! •

ARE YOU TIRED, IRRITABLE?
DOES YOUR DOG DEMAND TO
HAVE A BAG PUT OVER HIS
HEAD BEFORE HE'LL BE SEEN IN
PUBLIC WITH YOU? YOU NEED

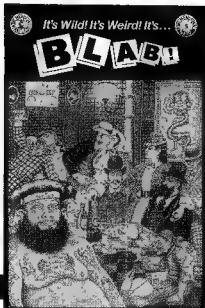
BUZZ



Are you one of the THOUSANDS of people who've been **CROSSED**, have **SPELLS**, can't hold **MONEY**, want to stop **NATURE PROBLEMS** or get rid of **STRANGE SICKNESS**? **BUZZ** is for **YOU**! **BUZZ**, the magazine of **EXCELLENT STIMULATION** FOR **EXCITABLE PRIMATES**, is **HERE!!!** Featuring work by **DREW FRIEDMAN**, **ROY TOMPKINS**, **JIM WOODRING**, **DAN CLOWES**, **JEREMY EATON**, **RICHARD SALA** and **MARK LANDMAN!!!**

It's a **CRIME** what's in **BLAB! No. 5!**

There's **Drew Friedman's** examination of criminal teamups, part of which is shown here. There's cover artist **Joe Coleman's** story about a '30s mass killer, **Ray Zone's** look at crime comics of the '40s, **Spain's** recollection of two bazooka bank robbers, **Dan Clowes' eerie** tale of voodoo rituals, and **Doug Allen's STEVEN** robs a liquor store!



Monte Beauchamp's BLAB! 5 is available at better comic shops and police stations everywhere! The 128-page, 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inch digest is **CRAMMED** with stories about **CRIME** written and drawn by the best cartoonists working behind bars today! **BLAB! 5** costs \$7.95, but if your shop or station doesn't have it, and your street-corner hustler is out of it too, then **WE** will mail a copy to you in a **PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER** if you send a **HERE \$9.50** to: **Kitchen Sink Press, No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968.**

EDWARD GEIN, BUDDY HACKETT,



MILTON BERLE, LEE HARVEY OSWALD,



There's more, much more, in **BLAB! No. 5!**

We're Looking for a Few Bad Comics

Actually, *BAD* is too nice a term. We're looking for the *creme de la merde* of comics—stuff so awful that you cursed your eyeballs for reading it.

How can you help? By filling out this handy ballot and returning it to us. The winner will appear in issue two of *World's Worst Comics Awards* by Jim Schumeister and Rich Larson, a two-issue series from Kitchen Sink Press coming in December and January. Deadline for entries is December 15. Mail ballots to: WWCA, c/o Kitchen Sink Press, No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968. Please include titles, issue and page numbers. Photocopies would be appreciated. Help us expose the abuses heaped upon you and fellow fans—VOTE TODAY!

POPULAR VOTE

Worst Comic of 1990 (by cover date): _____

ADVISORY VOTES (for future reference; will not appear in WWCA No. 2.)

Worst Power _____

Worst Supporting Character _____

Worst Supporting Creature _____

Worst Cover _____

Worst Origin _____

Worst Story Title _____

Worst Limited Series _____

Worst Backup Feature _____

Stupid Moment in Acclaimed Comics _____

Worst Black and White Independent _____

Worst Adaptation from Another Medium _____

Worst Product Licensed from Comics _____

All ballots become property of KSP and the authors of *World's Worst Comics Awards*.

Employees of Kitchen Sink Press and members of their families are not eligible for prizes or awards; nor are books, comics, merchandise or characters published by Kitchen Sink Press; nor the books, comics, merchandise and characters employees of Kitchen Sink Press like, or their families; or the people we want to butter up. Or their families, either. Is that clear? The ballots of anybody who does nominate any of the above will be disqualified and the ballot will be forwarded to the U.S. Postal Service, Obscene Materials Division, after which inspectors accompanied by drooling guard dogs and the equally juicy Jesse Helms will call upon said voters and inquire about sending said materials through the mails while at the same time casting aspersions on the voter's antecedents and withdrawing blood from his/her ankles and other precious bodily parts. So there.

THEY SHOULD'A BEEN

Committed


 R O G E R
 W O O D B U R N

 Head of Woodburn Family —
 White Middle-Class Suburbanites

2

 R O G E R
 W O O D B U R N

Roger Woodburn and Family: Roger, Midge, their three children Aaron, Joshua and Ruth, and Roger's fat live-in brother Ruben.

The Woodburns' small back yard looks like the lawn and garden section of the Sears catalog. Cleared of all space-hogging trees and shrubbery, it is at least one-third cement slab. On the slab are a red barn tool shed, a ponderous picnic table replete with sun deflecting canopy, children's toys, a plethora of lawn furniture and a large barbecue gas grill that should have 'Enola Gay' stenciled on it. Filling the rest of the yard is an electric bug zapper, a painted tire sandbox, a huge swing set, and an empty dog house. Surrounding all is the obligatory chain link fence and a string of multi-colored plastic owl yard lights.

While the Woodburns' back yard is a miniature monument to theme park engineering, their front is a monument to landscape architecture. It features a flawlessly manicured and chemicalled lawn with a centrally located tasteful green plastic plexiglass-enshrouded bird feeder, night lighted wooden nameplate, a ceramic three-quarter-sized family of deer with lawn sprinkling antlers, a flowered border ringing the house's white-rock-trimmed foundation, and carpeted front steps with sculpted bushes to either side.

(continued on card 3)

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THEY SHOULD'A BEEN

Committed


 R U B E N
 &
 M I D G E
 W O O D B U R N

 Woodburn Family Members —
 White Middle-Class Suburbanites

3

(continued from card 2)

 R U B E N
 &
 M I D G E
 W O O D B U R N

Roger Woodburn and Family: Roger, Midge, their three children Aaron, Joshua and Ruth, and Roger's fat live-in brother Ruben.

Daily, at any spare moment, but especially on weekends, the Woodburns can be viewed scurrying about their property endeavoring to maintain its spectacle. Roger, slightly overweight, is usually attired in plaid Bermuda shorts, a colored t-shirt, and black socks with brown leather dress shoes, which nicely set off his doughy white complexion and red hair. Midge, quite underweight, almost always wears a heavy hand knit sweater, no matter how hot it is. Roger is usually frantically mowing the lawn or is engaged in some other major chore like bimonthly driveway tarring. Midge, on the other hand, is often seen placidly rearranging the rock trim or picking grass from sidewalk cracks. Both are blithely oblivious to the life-threatening antics of their runny-nosed preschoolers, such as the time Aaron climbed in to the neighbor's Rottweiler pen. Roger's fat brother only comes out at night to kick his junk-laden rusted-out Gremlin X.

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The Spirit is 50...

W I L L E I S N E R

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stories
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